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ELLSWORTH, ME, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

Poetry.

(From the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.)
"The Jackson Democrat."

BY JOHN R. HAYES.

Well, wife, we've had a meeting at the school house on the hill!
We met to swallow Greeley our sugar-coated pill!
But—being real old Hickories—we found we couldn't do it;
The sugar-coating was too thin, and Greeley tasted through it.

Why, wife, he's cussed me many years! Now—at the hour eleven—
He wants my vote to send him to the Presidential heaven!
If he waits until he gets it, he may take his axe and saw,
And forever be a farmer on the farm at Chapin.

I vote for Greeley! Ha! ha! ha! a Jackson Democrat,
Forsake his life-long principles to do a thing like that!
If you see me going for him, when comes election day,
You may look to see Niagara running 'tother way.

"We can't elect an 'outsider-out,'" is what our leaders say—
We take this ranting Greeley to draw Repulse away!
When in this Presidential chair, with white hat on his side,
We'll take the offices that pay and all the perquisites.

Now that ain't mine, nor Jefferson's nor Jackson's good old play;
Edw. rather not have office, and be an honest man;
I'm not an honest Democrat, if, for a single hour,
I wear my hat for Greeley for the sake of gaining power.

You know, wife, when I'm bilious I always take my pills;
Without the sugar-coating—I'll do so if it kills!
I've got to vote for some one—be a nobody I can't—
So I've made my face up good and strong to go and swallow Grant.

Selected Story.

Tom Foster's Wife.

I have just returned from a two years' stay in Europe, and was sauntering down Tremont street, in the golden September morning, when I saw my old friend, Tom Foster, get out of a house and drive away in a carriage.

At a glance I knew him in a moment. He had grown tall and stout, but the boy was still in his face, and with a flush of early feeling I sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

"Tom, how are you?"
He looked puzzled for a moment, and then, bursting into a laugh, he seized my hand in his strong grasp, and exclaimed:

"Why, John Ralston! Is this you? Where did you come from? I'm glad to see you, my boy. Why, I haven't set eyes on you since we made that trip to Nahant, in your Freshman year. The truth is, father was so poorly for a long time then that I had everything to see to, and felt as if the world was on my shoulders. I did hear, though, about your college honors and your going to Germany, and I've often thought of you lately and wished to see you. Why, Jack, in spite of my weight, and your beard and broad shoulders, I can't realize that ten years have gone since we were at Exeter together. We must talk over old times and new. When did you get back and what are your plans?"

"I came yesterday, and shall stay in the city, on account of a business matter, until next Tuesday. Then I am going home."

"Well, now this is Saturday, and you can do nothing after three o'clock. Come and spend Sunday with me in the country. I want to show you my wife."

"Your wife! are you married, Tom?"
"Married nearly a year," said he with a smile.

"You don't look very solemn over it," I said.
"Solemn! It's the jolliest thing I ever did in my life. Meet me at the Eastern Depot at four o'clock, and I'll tell you all about it on the way down."

We parted at the Winter street corner—he to go to his store, and I to the Parker House.

"How handsome Boston has grown," said I, glancing at the fine buildings and the Common, beautiful in the September sun.

"We think it a nice town," he replied, speaking with the moderate words and the perfect assurance of the Bostonian, to whom his city is the sum of all

excellence and delight. "Remember, four o'clock." And he disappeared in the crowd.

"Tom married!" I said to myself, as I walked along. "I dare say it's his father's pretty ward, Clara Matilda, whom I saw when I spent the day there, eleven years ago. I remember what long curls she had, and how fond she seemed of him. Yes, I dare say it's Clara. I hope, though, she hasn't grown up into one of those delicate young ladies, good for nothing but to display the latest fashions, and wait a little, and torture the piano. Better some rosy, sturdy German Gretchen than a poor doll like them."

It would be a shame for Tom, with his splendid physique and vigorous brain, to be tied for life to such a woman! And then, turning down School street, my thoughts wandered off to a blue-eyed girl I had loved for many a year—a girl who was not satisfied with the small triumphs of the croquet-ground, but who could send an arrow straight home to the mark; and climb the hills with me, her step light and free as the deer's in the glade below; and hold a steady oar in our boat on the river; and swim ashore, if need be; and then, when walk or row was over, who could sit down to a lunch of cold meat and bread-and-butter with an appetite keen as a young Indian's after a day's hunt; yes, and who knew how to be efficient in the kitchen, and the rarest ornament of the parlor. How impatient I was to see her, the bewitching maiden whom a prince might have been pined for to marry. And again I said to myself, as I went up the Park House steps: "I do hope Tom hasn't made a fool of himself."

Four o'clock found me at the station; and a moment later I walked Tom, carrying a basket filled with Jersey peaches. "They don't grow in Greenland," said he, tucking the paper down over the fruit. "Come this way. I followed him, and we had just seated ourselves comfortably in the car when the train moved off.

"Now for the story, Tom, said I, as we crossed the bridge and caught the breeze cool from the sea. "But I can guess beforehand the girl you married. A shadow passed over Tom's face. "Clara has been dead four years," said he. She inherited consumption from her mother. We all did everything for her—took her to Minnesota and Florida; but it was no use. She didn't live to see her eighteenth birthday."

"Poor Clara! She loved you dearly. Then I suppose you chose some Boston girl of your acquaintance?"

"Jack, you couldn't tell who Mrs. Tom Foster was if you should try from now till morning. I shall have to enlighten you, and, moving the basket to one side and settling himself in his seat, he went on: "You know I have the misfortune to be an only child. After I was twenty-one, father and mother began to talk about my marrying. I have plenty of cousins you know, and we always had young ladies going in and out of the house; but while Clara lived she was company for me, and after she died I was full of business, and didn't trouble myself about matrimony. I tell the truth, Jack, I didn't fancy the girls. Perhaps I was unfortunate in my acquaintances; but they seemed to me all curls and flounces and furbelows, and I would as soon have thought of marrying a fashion-plate as one of these elaborate creatures. I don't object to style; I like it. But you can see fine gowns and bonnets any day in the Washington street windows; and my ideal of a woman was one whose dress is her least attraction."

"Do you recollect father's former partner, Adam Lane? He's a clever old gentleman and a millionaire, and father has the greatest liking and respect for him. He has two daughters—one married years ago; and the other, much younger, father fixed upon as a desirable wife for me. I rather think the two families had talked it over together; at any rate, Miss Matilda came to Greenland for a long summer visit. She is an amiable girl; but so petted and spoiled that she's good for nothing—undeveloped in mind and body. She looked very gay in the evenings, attired in the latest importations. But she was always late at breakfast; she didn't dare to ride horseback; she couldn't take a walk without stopping to rest on every stone; and once, when I asked her if she had read the account of the battle of Sedan, she looked up in her childish way, and said: 'No, Mr. Foster. Newspapers are so tiresome.' Bless me! what should I have done with such a baby?"

"A year ago this summer I was very much confined at the store; and when August came, instead of spending the whole month at home, I thought I would have a little change, and so I went down for a fortnight to the Cliff House, on—Beach. It's a quiet, pleasant resort, and you'll always find from fifty to one hundred people there during the season. The landlord is a good fellow, and a distant relative of mine. I thought he looked familiar when I went in, and after a few min-

utes he took me on one side and said: 'Tom, you've come at an unlucky time. I had a very good cook, that I got from Boston, at twenty dollars a week; but she's a high tempered woman. Last evening she quarreled with her assistants, this morning the breakfast was all in confusion, and now she's packing her trunk to leave by the next train. In two or three days I can probably get another one down in her place; but what we're to do meanwhile I don't know.'

"But, Norton," said I, "isn't there some one near by or in the house who can take it?"

"I doubt it," he replied. "I've half a dozen girls from the vicinity doing up stairs work—one of them from your town, the best waiter in the dining-room. But I suppose all of them would either be afraid of the responsibility or think it beneath them to turn cook; though they would have plenty of help and earn twenty dollars where they now get three."

"Who's here from Greenland?" I asked, for I knew something of almost every one in the place.

"Mary Lyford," said I, "isn't there some one near by or in the house who can take it?"

"Mary Lyford? A black-eyed, light-footed girl, about twenty years old, with two brothers in Colorado and her father a farmer over toward Scrantom?"

"Yes, the very same."

"Why, she's the prettiest girl in Greenland—at least, I thought so two years ago when I danced with her at the Thanksgiving party in the village; and I heard last Fall that she took the prize at the Manchester Fair for the best loaf of bread. But why is she here?"

"Oh, you know farmers haven't much ready money, and I suppose she wanted to earn something for herself, and to come to the Beach, like the rest of us. You say she took the premium for her bread. I believe I'll go into the dining-room and propose to give the cook's place to any one of the girls who would like it and who feels competent to take it. I must do something, and looking at his watch, he went out.

Ten minutes later he came back, carrying the basket and said to me: "Hurrah for Greenland," cried I. "Isn't that plucky? By Jove, I hope she'll succeed, and I believe she will."

"You mustn't expect much to-day," said Norton. "Things are all topsyturvy in the kitchen, and it'll take some time to get them straightened out."

Just then a new arrival claimed his attention, and with a serene face he turned away.

Dinner was poor that day; supper was little better. And, in spite of Norton's caution, I began to be afraid that Greenland was going down. But the next morning what a breakfast we had—juicy steaks, hot potatoes, delicious rolls and corn bread, griddle-cakes that melted in your mouth, and coffee that had lost none of its aroma in the making. Thenceforth every meal was a triumph. The guests praised the table, and hastened to their seats at the first sound of the bell. Norton was radiant with satisfaction, and I was as pleased as if I had been landlord or cook myself. Several times I sent my compliments and congratulations to Mary; but she was so constantly occupied that I never had a glimpse of her till the night before I was to leave. I was dancing in the parlor, and had just led a young lady of the Matilda Lane stamp to her mamma, when I saw Mary standing with the dining-room girls on the piazza. I went out, and shaking her cordially by the hand, told her how interested I had been in her success, and how proud I was to find a Greenland girl so accomplished. She blushed and thanked me, and said, in a modest way, that she was very glad if we were all suited; and then Norton came up and expressed his entire gratification with what she had done. As she stood there in a white pique dress, with a scarlet bow at her throat, and her dark hair neatly arranged, she looked every inch a lady.

"Do me the favor, Miss Lyford," said I, "to dance the next cotillon with me."

"Ah! Mr. Foster," she replied, looking archly at Norton, "that isn't expected of the help."

"The help!" I said, indignantly. "You are the queen of the establishment, and I invite you to dance, and so does Mr. Norton."

"Certainly I do," he answered. "Go and show the company that you are at home in the parlor as well as the kitchen." So, smiling and blushing, she took my arm.

"Didn't we make a sensation when we went in! Perhaps there was no fellow there with a better 'social position' (you know the phrase) than I; and I had been quite a favorite with the ladies. You should have seen them when we took our places on the floor! Some laughed, some frowned, some whispered to their neighbors, but I paid not the slightest attention to it, all, and Mary looked so pretty, and went through the dance with such grace and dignity, that before it was over I believe all regarded her with

admiration. I didn't wait for comments, but escorted her out as if she had been the belle of Boston.

"Good night, Miss Lyford," I said, when we reached the hall. "I am going in the morning; but I shall see you again when you get back to Greenland."

"Good-night, Mr. Foster," she replied, "I thank you for your kindness." Then she added, laughing: "Have you any orders for breakfast?"

"You shall have them, sir," she said, as she disappeared in the doorway. And have them I did.

Three weeks later Mary came home to Greenland, with more than a hundred dollars in her purse and a fame that was worth thousands. I went to see her at her father's house. I found her every way excellent and lovely; and the end was that at Christmas we were married.

"Glorious!" I exclaimed. "Give me your hand, Tom! I was afraid you had been taken in by some Matilda Lane."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" said he. Then I told him of my own choice, and I was still talking when the train stopped at the Greenland station.

We soon arrived at his hospitable home. His wife was all he had pictured her; a refined, intelligent, handsome woman, who would develop and grow in attractiveness every year of her life. After a merry evening in their pleasant parlor, I went to bed, and dreamed that the Millennium had come, and that all women were like my blue-eyed girl and Mrs. Tom Foster.

—Edna Dean Proctor in the Independent.

Miscellaneous.

Woman's Wit.

The following passage in the life of Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his noble plan for the deliverance of his country.

On a little hill stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture that you would have taken it for a bird's cottage, instead of a place that in times of old had been the abode of nobility.

It consisted of a long farm-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales and odd ornamented twistings in carved wood.

But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country.

Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator.

Here, he hoped, from the obligation he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should, at least, find a safe retreat.

Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are prone to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors.

He exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers, and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved General.

Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any wards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design into execution.

It was indeed a design and a black one.

Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin.

The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by the betrayal of his guest.

In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner.

The fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations.

And some distance from her, sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree.

The officer told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof.

The dauntless woman never changed color; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son to be the Swedish hero.

The door was blocked up by soldiers.

In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise—

"If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, or the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him."

The officer, not suspecting the easy simplicity of her manner, ordered part of his men to go in quest of him.

At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him and snatching the stick out of his hand exclaimed in an angry voice—

"Unnecessarily wretch! What sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!"

As she spoke she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and, opening a side door, there, get into the scullery," cried she, "it is the fittest place for such company." And giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door.

"Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lot of slaves."

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account, but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlor, while she brought him some refreshments.

The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

The Battle of Life.

By Rev. L. D. H. Reading, Mass.

THE MORAL CONFLICT.

We're not done fighting yet. There's conflict near home. We've foes within, 'tween of our own household. We must subdue and control self—the susceptibilities, propensities, passions and appetites of our being. We must do picket duty. Civil rulers there have been who could not rule over their appetites; and great generals, renowned for their military conquests, who could not, or did not, conquer their lusts.

There's that 'little demon' in all the Bible there is never a spur for the tongue, but many a bit. 'Til it keep with a bridle,' said the son of Jesse. 'Pity it is that so many tongues in the world are like horses in the pasture—without bridle.' The roof that covers the most noisy tenant is the roof of the mouth. The only organ in the world without spots is the tongue of the gospel. Some carry darts in their pockets and some in their heads. The tongue of the backslider is like a masked battery, it makes us feel fire when we can't see smoke. Tigers and lycans can be tamed, but the tongue can no man tame. It's hard to domesticate.

There's another thing hard to do. It's hard to conquer bad habits, the habit of the bottle, for example. 'This is capital,' said a doctor; 'how long it keeps its head!' 'Yes,' said a bystander, 'but how soon it takes away yours?' While one swallow will not make a summer, it takes only a few swallows to make a fall, as many a man has found to his cost. Let any one sleep in Delia's drunken lap—the lap of intoxication—and when he awakes he finds his will shorn of its strength. He may resolve and resolve, but in vain. Good resolutions—like fainting ladies—want carrying out; and he, poor man, like the friend, has no power to do it. It is wonderful, too, what power there is in a certain weed. I sometimes imagine the plug, the pipe and the cigar disputing among themselves, like the disciples of old, which is the greatest. 'I've got that man completely under my thumb,' says the Meerschaum. 'And I,' says the Piquet, 'have got my man by the throat; whenever I say the word he has to open his mouth and let me in.' 'And I,' says the Havana, 'have won greater laurels still, for a dozen times a day I conquer the conqueror of Gen. Lee. He has never yet put down, and I don't much believe he ever will.' 'And I,' quoth the Snuffbox, 'have won prouder laurels still, for it is admitted on all hands that woman rules the world, and I rule many women—I lead them by the nose. Some men have a perfect horror of 'petticoat government.' Which is the worst, petticoat government or pigtail? Better both to the scepter of the broomstick than to that of the pipe-stem, better take a certain lecture, now and then, than be obliged to chew the end. There are two kings I will not have to rule over me; they are Sno-King and Drin-King. These two kings, like

Pilate and Herod, sometimes make friends.

Out of six hundred male convicts in the State prison in Auburn, sent there for crimes committed while under the influence of liquor, five hundred testified that using tobacco was the beginning of their intemperate habits. Is the cigar, then, a finger-board pointing in the direction of the dram shop?—From the Watchman and Reflector.

A Green Delegate.

The following reminiscence of Blanton Duncan's convention comes from Louisville: The elevator at the Galt House furnishes several laughable anecdotes at the expense of delegates. One who came in on the night train, registering his name, writing Michigan after it with a flourish, and demanded his room that said plainly to the clerk: 'I know what I'm about. No tricks upon travelers with me. I've had my eye-teeth out.'

He was told to follow one of the office boys, who was about to take his carpet-bag, but the gentleman clutched it with a nervous grip, and waved the boy forward with a gesture that evidently meant—

"No, you don't! I'm too old for that!" The porter, who led the way to the elevator, wondering whether the man had anything in his satchel more valuable than a cheap dicker, that caused him to "dig" to it so cautiously. At the door of the elevator the guest paused and looked in wonderingly at the number sitting inside, and turning to the guide asked, with mingled astonishment and indignation—

"Is this my room, sir—is this my room?"

"No, sir," said the boy; "this is de elevator, please walk in."

He was induced to enter and took his seat among the amused spectators. Tommy, the polite little conductor of that popular conveyance, started it up with its load of passengers, when guest-sprung to his feet with great trepidation.

"Hello! stop it!" he shouted. "The darned thing's moving! Let me out—let me out!"

This was too much for the risibles of the other occupants of the car. What had before been only a suppressed titter, broke out into an uncontrollable burst of laughter. The frightened Michiganist, suddenly conscious that, in spite of his pretensions as a shrewdness, back upon old gentleman's corns, and plumped down in another's lap, and with maledictions and apologies ordered was not restored until he got to his stopping place, where he meekly followed his guide out to his room, and was "put in his little bed" to dream of all sorts of traps set by watchful sharpers to catch innocent travelers. He remained several days, but he carefully avoided the elevator during his stay.

How to Walk Well.

It seems an easy matter to walk, and yet very few learn how to do it properly. One can reckon among his acquaintances very many fine looking men and women, but perhaps not one in the entire number is a good walker. The ancient poets tell how the goddess was known by her walk, but that distinguished mark of exalted birth seems to have passed away with mythology, and daily bearing, but such scenes of royalty as have visited our shores seem to have very little that is regal in their personal carriage. We are not without the specimens of male and female beauty, but we are too often disenchanted when we see those Venuses and Adons who are moving about. There is no real reason for this unseemliness of motion. Men and women are particular enough about their dress, but they shamble, regardless of the appearance they make. One of the secrets of good walking is to be able to balance the body easily, first on one foot and then on the other. When the soldier has learned to stand steadily on one foot, he then can walk without swaying, and preserve that steadiness in marching which is always a mark of well drilled troops. So if civilians wish to walk as well as soldiers they must first like them learn something of the mysteries of balancing. But it is not an easy thing to stand steady on a narrow sole with a small heel, and this is just the difficulty of the walking of fashionable people. The crowded feet of those ancient beauties, whose forms have come down to us preserved in marble, are beautiful in their unstrained naturalness, and very unlike those of modern belles, or beaux either, for the matter of that. With low soles it is not difficult to balance the body, while by drawing in the chin the shoulders are naturally thrown back, the lungs given full opportunity to expand, and the head carried well back. High heeled boots must be discarded, or it is useless to make the experiment of learning to walk well.—Heath and Home.

A CHARACTERISTIC STORY OF BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

When Gen. Butler first landed in New Orleans he selected the celebrated St. Charles hotel for his headquarters and at once sent directions thither that arrangements should be made for himself and staff.

When, however, they arrived at the hotel, after the necessary delays of landing, the general was informed that the keeper of the house demurred to the proposition, so far as it involved his providing the meals for his new visitors, and wished that for their food some other arrangements might be made. It proved indeed on inquiry, that the man professed himself unwilling to assume the responsibility of a charge so unpopular as that moment

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The Ellsworth American.

Published every Thursday Morning at Peters Block, Ellsworth, Me., by H. HANCOCK, Proprietor. For terms, see first page.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

OF Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON.

OF Massachusetts.

For Electors of President & Vice-President.

AT LARGE.

SAMUEL E. SPRING.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

First District—JAMES H. McMILLAN.

Second District—JOHN H. KIMBALL.

Third District—JOHN ERSKINE.

Fourth District—MORDECAI MITCHELL.

Fifth District—WILLIAM McHILVER.

OF Seaport.

Railroad Meeting.

The people of Ellsworth have rather been on the "anxious seat" on the railroad question, being "almost, but not fully, persuaded." Many honest doubts affected their minds, caused by the late Rockland and Belfast, who had plunged headlong into railroads. Then, too, Ellsworth pride could hardly brook what has been called a "baby railroad," and "wheelbarrow track," in the proposed three test gauge.

The claims of the proposed railroad were fully discussed last evening in a full meeting at Hancock Hall. Charles P. Brown, Esq., one of the Directors, very clearly presented the advantages of the narrow gauge as manifest in the smaller cost, and in the greater cheapness of running, while it would do all the business. He read reports of Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, most flattering accounts of the efficiency and safety of the narrow gauge. Mr. Brown also gave a brief history of the Shore Line Railroad enterprise, and stated that the enterprise had now arrived at the very brink of fruition, and its fate was in the custody of the voters of Ellsworth.

Mr. Brown also stated the proposition received from a well known and responsible Construction Company, consisting of such Railroad men as Thomas Scott, ex-Gov. Dennison and Edgar Thompson, viz: They will take \$250,000 of the original stock, provided the towns on the route, and individuals will take the same amount; then they are to build and equip a first-class road for \$200,000 per mile. To raise the required sum, above the \$250,000, the road is to be mortgaged for one million dollars, and these mortgage bonds are to be taken by the Construction Company at 85 per cent in payment of their contract. The drawn and signed forthwith, after suitable guaranties furnished and penalties affixed, for the fulfillment of the contract on the part of the Construction Co. No stockholders, either individual or corporate, are required to pay over any part of the sums subscribed until an equal amount is subscribed and ready to be paid by the contractors, and until the contract is signed and guaranteed by both parties to the satisfaction of the Directors. This, the speaker said, was ample protection and safeguard to the towns, who could retain their bonds till this was done.

Mr. Brown's statements were made in a fair straightforward way that evidently had influence upon those who listened. Indeed an entire change of views were produced by his remarks and representations among our citizens. Men felt that if he was correct and candid, the road could be built and that Ellsworth would never be called upon for more than the \$65,000 now asked. If the city votes 3 per cent to-day, as we think it will, it will be very largely on the representations of Mr. Brown that the construction company have agreed to and will take \$250,000 in stock and then after the towns raise as much more, will complete the road and take their pay in Bonds of the R. R. Co., at 85 per cent, thus freeing the bonds from any danger of further call. Mr. Brown is probably the wealthiest and most responsible of the Directors. Let him see that his promises are made good and Ellsworth will pay her \$65,000 cheerfully. Bangor too will be happy to build the Bridge across the Penobscot and make up the balance of the \$250,000 Stock subscriptions remaining after Ellsworth has voted her share.

John C. Talbot Esq., another Director, during the day had gathered up all the objections urged against his proposition, and now came forward to answer them. He declared that the narrow gauge was the only possible one that a wider gauge was not within the compass of our means. It was either narrow gauge or nothing. The break of bulk at Bangor was not much of a bug bear.

The reason why the Eastern terminus was fixed at East Machias was that the construction company could not build any more miles by Dec. 1, 1873. The next year, the road would be extended to Calais and thence to St. John.

Bangor at the western end was to make up the balance of the \$250,000 and build a bridge in addition. The towns were perfectly safe, and were only risking the amount of their subscription, by the Charter, no stockholder was liable for anything more. The construction company were willing to risk their money in the enterprise, and the towns could afford to do the same. The subscriptions could not be called for until \$500,000 was taken up in actual stock. The construction company would be equally interested, and would bear one half the expense of land damages, etc. They would only want money as they proceeded, and would put in their own money as fast as they called for the towns' money.

If no contract could be made with the Construction Company then the subscriptions could not be called for. The Directors would exercise their best judgment and caution in making any contracts, and would endeavor to carefully guard the interests of the towns.

Correspondence.

PORTLAND, Oct. 15, 1872.
To the Editors of the American:

In this day of revolutions in Journalism, Portland is to have her share in the game. There has just come upon the stage a prospectus of a new weekly paper, to be published in this city under the name and style of *The State*.

If we may trust the promise of its prospectus, it is to be a very high-toned sheet; "thoroughly devoted to the people's interest," observing a benevolent neutrality on many political questions and striving to move upon the high plane of the Nation.

It is proposed to commence the publication of this journal about the first of November. All good citizens with success to the enterprise, but some are fearing that the aims of the new journal are a little too high, and that it proposes to move upon too lofty a level to suit the average public of a city of the size of Portland, whose inhabitants it cannot be denied are more normal, and are interested in political questions and other things pertaining to every day life.

The October elections are hailed with great joy in Portland as in every other local city. The 8th of October was the great Republican day of the Nation, and its results indicate that Greeley will carry no Northern State, and it remains now for the "Great Farmer" either to retire to Chappaqua, or "go West."

And even now his friends and backers are recalling him from his meanderings about the country and entreating him to come "back over the ruin fall."

It is looking gloriously in its autumn beauty, and the aspect of the country about Portland is vividly described in the following which we quote from a morning paper:

The season of 1872 will be looked back to as one of the most remarkable in the memory of men now living. On the 15th day of the month the fields are green and luxuriant as in June; the larger oaks and maples are just beginning to show the autumn tints, and the smaller trees and shrubs are putting forth new leaves. The other day ripe strawberries were picked in hollows, and yesterday Mr. W. H. Roberts of West Gardham sent to the city a basket of racy pumpkins, filled with ripe and unripe fruit. These are remarkable incidents, and worth notice.

The gay world of Portland are glad that Booth is coming back to play Macbeth.

DEAR AMERICAN:—This, being the great week of elections it has been an exciting one in Richmond.

I have stood around the bulletin boards and read the dispatches with the rebels, as they came in, and heard their comments and their swearing and grilling of text, and it seemed to me as if they felt that the country was doomed to four years more of peace and prosperity under Gen. Grant, and they would have to wait a while longer to get their rights under a rebel president.

I think they are as much rebels today as they ever were, and hate the Yankees full as bad. I have talked with a great many of them, and have yet to find the first white man to vote for Grant, or speak a good word for his administration. They say to one here will vote for Grant but a few office holders and the negroes.

A broad gauge railroad (Colorado Central, I think it is called,) has been built some twenty-five miles toward the coal and other mines in the mountains. It was proposed to extend it some thirty miles further; surveys were made and estimates of cost obtained, which showed it could be built for less than \$55,000 per mile, owing to the heavy grades, deep cutting, and bridging and extensive tunneling. The project of extension on the broad gauge was abandoned and estimates obtained for narrow gauge. What do you suppose the cost to be? \$25,000 per mile, and with no tunnels? The line is, I believe, already under contract.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD died at his home in Auburn N. Y., on Thursday the 10th inst. He was born May 16, 1801 and was consequently over 71 years of age at his death. He studied law in his native State, and was admitted to the bar in 1824. He was Governor of New York for four years, U. S. Senator, six years, and a member of both Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Johnson's cabinets. In 1869 he was a prominent candidate for Presidency in the Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln. After his retirement from office, at the close of Mr. Johnson's term, in 1868, he made a tour around the world, receiving high honors from foreign nations, and returned about a year ago to die in his native land. The following telegram was sent by Gen. Grant to the family:

"I condole with you and the family in the loss of a kind father and eminent statesman. His services to the country have become a part of its history. I regret that I cannot attend the funeral, and participate in the last earthly honors to the remains of the distinguished patriot and statesman. (Signed) U. S. GRANT."

The following reply was sent to the President:

To the President of the United States, Washington, D. C.—Sir: We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, and in behalf of all the members of the family of our father, we return you our heartfelt and sincere thanks for your expression of sympathy with them in this great affliction. (Signed) F. W. SEWARD.

Mr. James Parton died in New York on Friday last aged 61 years. He was born in Portland, a daughter of Nathaniel Willis and a sister of the poet N. P. Willis. Her maiden name was Sarah Payson Willis, but better known in literary circles as "Fanny Fern."

Hon. Stephen G. Foster of Pembroke, died at his residence Oct. 5th. Mr. Foster was well known to the people of this Congressional District, having been elected to represent them in Congress for two terms from 1857 to 1861. He succeeded Hon. J. D. Fuller and preceded Hon. F. A. Pike. He was at one time largely engaged in Ship-building, but for some years past had retired from active life, owing to ill health. As a man of honor, integrity and ability, Mr. Foster was always held in high regard by his fellow citizens.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILWAY STOCK. AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 20.—We are informed on the highest authority that although it may be true that a certain amount of stock of the Maine Central Railroad has been purchased by Boston parties, still such a small fraction of the capital stock of that road. All reports that the Boston and Maine Road or any other parties in Boston have a controlling interest in the Maine Central are utterly unfounded. The reported loss of the Maine Central stock by the Portland Argus of Saturday is also unfounded.

It is within our knowledge that the parties in the management of the Maine Central are not men in the State to consent to the transfer of that property to the control of parties out of the State, or place it in hands hostile to the interests of the people of Maine.—Boston Journal.

Pickings and Stealings.

—This paper is run by lawyers, and the above heading is thought to be as appropriate as any.

—There is a rumor that that venerable Democratic sheet, the Eastern Argus is to change proprietors.

—Jack Hale, the veteran horse thief has been pronounced insane, and is now an inmate of the Insane Hospital.

—Many persons write articles and send them to the editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

—A prosperous merchant has for his motto: "Early to bed, and early to rise. Never get tight, and advertise."

—Three colored men were chosen Representatives to Congress, from So. Carolina, at the State election last Wednesday.

—Hereafter, owing to the high price of coal in England, British steamers are to obtain their supply of coal on this side of the water.

—F. W. Bird has been appointed by the Democratic and Liberal State Committee of Maine, a candidate for Governor in place of Charles Sumner.

—When Voorhees learned that his majority of 1450 in 1870 had turned into one against him in 1872, he remarked bitterly: "This Greeleyism is a big thing, but it is!"

—Some of the Liberal Republican journals are now saying: "Even if Greeley is not elected in November, we shall win in 1876." Man never is, but always to be, blessed.

—A contagious disease prevails among the horses of Toronto and Montreal. So general is the disease that the horse-car has stopped running, and the hack stands are deserted.

—Eli Hanson, who was severely injured by a brakeman on the E. & N. A. Railroad in a scuffle about a dog some two years ago, recovered a verdict of \$10,000 against the Railroad Co., at the last term of the S. J. Court at Bangor.

—The Springfield Republican (Liberal) closes a political article thus: "In the absence of working like beavers and exercising the faith that moves mountains, the outlook for a Liberal success in November is rather murky."

Appointments by the Governor last week for Hancock County—Rev. Geo. M. Adams, Justice of the Peace; J. C. Chittenden, Justice of the Peace; C. L. Babson, Brooksville, Dehams Justice.

—An old fellow who has not got through voting for Andrew Jackson for President, sent a letter to the Register of Deeds office, at Augusta, recently, addressed to "John Hovey, Register of Deeds." Mr. Hovey filed that office from 1816 to 1836.

—A small shop occupied by Alphonsus Moore, and situated near the Brewer end of the toll bridge, set on posts on the edge of the bank was undermined by the late rains and slid down the bank some ten feet towards the river Tuesday night.

—Memoranda of costliness picked up in the vicinity of the New York Tribune office.

Let it be a plain marble slab. No Latin—no embellishments. State when buried, and when deceased. Get Cochrane to write epitaph—his style is so simple. White lead will distribute looks of my hair. Be kind to Titian—he is foolish but young. Plant me in my favorite pumpkin arbor, with a gooseberry bush for foot-stool.

—A little boy and girl had been engaged never to take the next egg when gathering the eggs; but one evening the girl reached the nest first, seized an egg, and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother! Mother! She's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

—The State is the title of a new weekly paper to be started in Portland about the 15th of November. The prospectus is issued by "The State" Publishing Co., and Gov. Chamberlain, Dr. Geo. B. Loring and others are announced as contributors. It is to be devoted to Commercial, Industrial and Social interests. Capt. Enoch Kuhl is to be its principal editor.

—A capital case was tried at the Supreme Court held at Machias last week. The prisoner's name was Kirby, and his victim was Thompson. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty of Manslaughter." Harvey Co. Attorney and Reed, Attorney Gen'l, were for the Government; C. R. Whidden, Esq. of Calais, and Hon. Bradbury, Esq. of Portland, for the defence.

—A schooner lately brought a peculiar cargo into our harbor, in bulk. It was a load of cattle manure from one of the islands where are located the granite quarries, and heavy teams of oxen are kept. It means wheat, potatoes, apples, vegetables, etc., wherever to dress some of these fields, and produce the stuff of life for hungry humanity.

—An English magazine "Nature," in an article on the potato disease, says that the present season will prove one of the most unfavorable as regards the yield of the fruits of the earth.

—Corn will turn out considerably below the average, both in quantity and quality. Every kind of fruits are nearly a complete failure. Potatoes fall to the extent of three-fourths of the yield. Grass and root crops have alone benefited by the wet and ungenial summer.

—How HORACE GREELEY WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT. Below is the state of the Portland Press, showing propitiously the electoral votes of each candidate:—

FOR GRANT. 10 Georgia, 11 California, 4 Maryland, 12 Connecticut, 6 Kentucky, 12 Delaware, 3 Tennessee, 12 Florida, 3 Texas, 12 Illinois, 21 Virginia, 11 Indiana, 15 Iowa, 11 Kansas, 5 Minnesota, 11 Missouri, 15 Nebraska, 3 Wisconsin, 10 New Hampshire, 5 New York, 35 North Carolina, 10 Ohio, 22 Oregon, 3 Pennsylvania, 20 Rhode Island, 4 South Carolina, 6 Vermont, 5 Wisconsin, 10 West Virginia, 5 Total, 275

—Our views in relation to the N. Y. Tribune as the wickedest newspaper in the United States are fully corroborated by the following from a religious paper, the *Christian Register*, at one time, and perhaps still, a supporter of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency:—

One of the saddest things in this year's events is the ruin of the New York Tribune. We never open this once beloved heart, for many years it was almost our political bible, and commentary too. No other sheet seemed half so instructive, half so inspiring. It quickened the best thoughts and the purest emotions. But now, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" The best of us are made of it, and its statements, its work, and fast to undo all the good it has ever done. The men whom it has honored it vilifies. It freely charges the purest men with corruption and the most truthful with falsehood. It even invades the sanctuary of the grave by suggesting odious doubts of the integrity of the departed. It cannot give credit to the credit of believing some of its wretched lies. The effect of such a course is inevitable. We cannot but see that statements are made of its large circulation. It may still have numerous adherents, but it cannot continue to be its old and tried and trusted friend. Thousands of thousands of these are now, slowly and sadly, but steadily, they will forsake the paper which has forsaken them, and its better self.

City, Town and County.

Ellsworth.—The mills on the river are in full operation, day and night.

—Rebhorst's Theatre Comique Troupe are playing at Waverly Hall.

—All vessels coming to this port are at once taken up at fair freights.

—See notice of Mercantile Savings Institution, of Boston, in another column.

—Presidential votes for the different towns in this County may be obtained by applying at this office.

—A drove of cattle numbering over one hundred, passed through this city on Sunday, for the Brighton market.

—The frequent rains and the constant and increased travel of lumber-laden teams, weigh heavily on our streets and Street Commissioner.

—If you want a Carpet or an Oil Cloth, read B. F. Wentworth & Co's. Advertisement, it will pay; but it will pay still better to examine their stock of goods.

A GOOD SPECTATOR. Judge Tapley, at the recent term of Court, directed the Sheriff to call the attention of the County Commissioners to the imperfect ventilation of the Court House.

—Hardly a day passes that we do not see in our streets some wreck of cart, wagon or other vehicle, that has foundered on the hidden reefs of rough stones lying at the bottom of the highways.

—An expensive and permanent crossing has been put on State, and on the west side of Main street. If the tax paid will receive any benefit from this costly and thorough work, some one should be employed to keep it clear of mud, and not only this, but others.

—H. B. Cunningham of this City has just returned from Prince Edwards Island with a nice lot of Hares all under eight years old, which have been carefully selected with reference to the wants of this section, and which he intends to sell on terms that cannot fail to suit the purchasers.

A BEAR STORY.—It is not often that a legal argument is culled by a veritable bear story, but such was the case at the recent term of Court in this County, in a case between the towns of Gundoburn and Franklin. The principal witness for the Pils was an old man of fourscore years, who, although physically infirm, still retained his mental vigor in a remarkable degree. The Deft's counsel sought to disparage his testimony before the jury on account of his age and decrepitude.

—On the other side, in reply, happily introduced this story, to show that the witness, in his younger days, possessed great pluck and powers of endurance. Some sixty years ago, the witness, alone and unarmed, except with an ordinary jack-knife, encountered a bear. The man would not retreat, neither would the bear. For a few moments each looked defiantly at the other, and then the man advanced. His opponent did the same. They met, and on the instant, when the bear opened his mouth to bite his antagonist, he thrust his naked hand into the bear's mouth, seized his teeth and claws, held on and with his other hand, stabbed the vital parts of the bear with his knife, until he killed him. The scars and marks of the teeth were still visible on the hand and arm of the old witness and were noticed by the jury.

—The witness, in support of his story, told the tale of the bear story.

Hancock.—Launched from the yard of L. Crabtree the 17th inst., sch. Brave. She is a fine vessel of 145 tons. O. M. Thomas Merchant was master builder. She is to be commanded by Capt. Avon P. Foss of this town.

Eden.—The Democrats in Eden are as silent as the grave in regard to the past, present and future of Democracy.

—The Farmers in this town have just completed their harvesting. Their crops are generally good, with the exception of potatoes, which have rotted badly.

—The school in District No. 6, commenced on Monday last under the instruction of Mr. Gideon Mayo. He has the reputation of being a thorough and successful teacher.

—A musical convention of three days duration, is to be held the last of the month, under the direction of Prof. J. C. Winterbottom. Full particulars as to time, place &c., will be given at an early date, by advertisement.

Sedgwick.—Capt. James Eaton of Sedgwick, an old man of 88 years, on Saturday last, took his axe and his dinner and went into the woods to chop wood, but not returning at night at the proper time, search was made until late in the night, when it was found on Sunday morning when he was found about 30 rods from where he had been at work, in an insensible state of mind, hat, coat and vest off, with one boot on. It is supposed that feeling unwell he started for his home, and fell in a fit. He is recovering slowly.

—Mr. Freeman Dority while engaged at his barn, in arranging a thrashing machine a few days since, was struck by the pole of the carriage on which the machine was hauled, knocking him down, bruising his shoulder, side and hip, and breaking one or more of his ribs.

Brooksville.—Mr. Frank A. Bickford, now a student with Dr. Wentworth of Sedgwick, is to attend the next course of Medical Lectures at Brunswick.

Mariaville.—George P. Goodwin, Postmaster at No. Mariaville, has resigned and moved to Portland.

—J. S. Gilmore has sold his farm in Mariaville, known as the Barker Farm, to Adolbert Jordan.

—William Warren of Scarborough, left here Sunday Oct. 13th, for home with a drove of cattle numbering 72 head. This is the second drove he has bought in Mariaville and adjoining towns this Fall both amounting to something over one hundred. We don't see why beef steak is up to a quarter per pound. There are more to be sold, come and buy.

—The apple crop is good, there will be more than 2500 bushels gathered in town this year. Some of them have been sold in Ellsworth market for \$1.25 and \$1.50 per bushel. There are two elder presses in town and apple juice is plenty, still we need another press. Where is Simpson's? of the Journal, is it for sale? I wonder? Who would eat crow when beef, apples and elder are plenty, if they knew how to make mince pies. Thank you I can't swallow crow.

Colby University.—The *Mail* says the workmen at the new College building of Colby University have nearly finished the lower story which contains the laboratory, lecture room, &c. and are now at work upon the large hall above, which will be occupied by natural history specimens—beasts, birds, bugs, &c.

RUMORS ABOUT THE MAINE CENTRAL.—The Portland Press learns that a sale of a large amount of the stock of the Maine Central Railroad has recently been made to Boston parties, which places the control of the road entirely in that city. There is a report that parties interested in the Boston & Maine R. R. have obtained the control of this stock.

A National Thanksgiving.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11, 1872.
By the President of the United States of America: A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the restoration of another year has again opened the time when it is usual to look back upon the past and publicly thank the Almighty for his mercies and his blessings; and whereas, one people has more cause to be thankful than another for such thankfulness is the citizens of the United States, whose government is the creature, subject to their best interests; who have received to themselves, ample civil and religious freedom and equality before the law; who, during the last twelve months, have enjoyed exemption from any previous or future military or naval service, and whose agriculture, manufactures and commerce have been unimpeded.

Therefore, for these considerations, I recommend that on Thursday, the 24th day of November next, the people meet in their respective churches, synagogues, and other places of religious assembly, to give thanks to God for his kindness and bounty.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Given under the City of Washington, this 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1872, and of the Independence of the United States the 49th.

By the President: HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

BUCKSPORT RAILROAD.—The surveying party headed by Mr. Hilton, Civil Engineer, now engaged in going over the proposed line of the Bangor & Bucksport Railroad, has reached Mill Creek in South Orrington, nine miles from this city. They have followed the river up, and found a feasible route so far.

AGRICULTURAL.—The 11th meeting of the Corporation of the W. H. Society was held at Bucksport Wednesday Oct. 16th. Not a large company present, yet a good spirit prevailed. After mature deliberation nearly all present signed the constitution and a permanent organization was effected by electing James A. Lawrence of Bucksport, President, J. Brock of Orrington, Secretary, Joseph Tibbels of Bucksport, Treasurer. The book will be circulated for signatures quite soon.

Castine.—Castine is troubled, as the *Gazette* informs us, with a fellow so badly afflicted with Kneppomania that he craves every article he can lay his hands on. His last feat was to eat a two-wheeled chair.

EASTERN NORMAL SCHOOL.—The new building for the Eastern Normal School at Castine is rapidly approaching completion. It is 71 by 71 feet on the ground, with a front projection 14 by 40 feet, and a rear projection 12 by 40 feet. The first story is 12 feet in height, with a hall 9 feet wide running through the building, and an entrance at each end. On this floor are four classrooms, each 22 by 29 feet, two of which can be thrown into one by opening sliding doors, thus affording a large hall for the public exercises of the school and for lectures. The second story is 10 feet high and contains the main school room, 44 by 68 feet, lighted by two large double windows, and having three large and well lighted alcoves at the rear for the library and chemical and philosophical apparatus. The building is surmounted by a cupola of novel design, 40 feet in height, the vane on which is 100 feet in height, facing the river, and a balcony above, and on the highest front there is a portico over the entrance. Altogether, the building has a very fine appearance, and is a credit to the school and town.

S. J. Court Record.

TAPLEY J. PRESIDING.

H. H. Hall & S. J. V. J. Grant & al. vs. The Halls are proprietors of a Mill Privilege on Union River, and bring this action against the Defendants for flowing them out by means of the Defts. dam next below. After the case was opened to the jury, the Judge suggested that the parties, by agreement of parties, come to a verdict.

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